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Miscellaneous Reading.

The Crazy Engineer.

BY HORACE B. SPANFORD.

My train left Dantzic, in the morning, generally at eight o'clock, but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the Stockholm. It was on the morning of the steamer's arrival, that I came down from my hotel, and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not run. One of the railway carriages had run over him and broken one of his legs. I went immediately to the engine house to obtain another engineer, for I knew there were three or four in reserve there; but I was disappointed. Inquired for Westphal, and was informed that he had gone to Stegen, to see his mother. Godelpho had been sent on to Königsberg on that road. But where was Mayne? He had leave of absence for two days, and had gone, no one knew whither.

Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of the steamer in the Newfährwasser, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guard and asked if they knew where there was an engineer. But they did not, I went to the firemen, and asked if any one of them felt competent to run the engine to Bromberg. Not one of them dared attempt it. This distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

The steamer came to her wharf, and those who were going on by railroad came flocking to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The baggage was checked and registered: the tickets bought, the different carriages pointed to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing house. It was past nine o'clock.

"Come—why don't you start?" growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled into downright murmuring. At this juncture some one touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger standing at my side. I expected to be introduced to some one, but he only intended to reiterate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I had strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief official of the train.

However, this stranger was a middle aged man, tall and stout, with a face expressive of great energy and intelligence.

His eye was black and brilliant, so brilliant that I could not for the soul of me gaze steadily into it; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than like human flesh. His dress was of black throughout, and not only fitted with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said in a low, cautious tone: at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one else to hear what he said.

"I do, my train is already, and we have no engineer within twenty miles."

"Well, sir—I am going to Bromberg—I must go, and if you can find none other, I will run the engine for you."

"Ah!" I uttered, "are you an engineer?"

"Ah, sir, one of the oldest in the country, and am now on my way to Berlin to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented in the application of steam to locomotion. My name is Martin Kroll. If you wish I will show you running that is running."

Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with a nod and smile, and then proposed to go and get the engine. I went with him to the house, where he found the iron horse in charge of the fireman, and all ready for the start. Kroll got upon the platform and I followed him. I never seen a man betray such peculiar aptness amid the steam machinery as he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage carriage with the most exact nicety. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt comforted once more. I gave the engine up to my new man, and then hastened away to the office. The word was passed for all passengers to take their seats, and soon afterwards I waived my hand to the engineer. There was a puff—a groning—and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard carriage, and in a few moments more the station house was behind us.

In less than an hour we reached Dirschau where we took up the passengers that had come in on the Königsberg railway. Here, I went forward and asked Kroll how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it very much. "But," he added, with a strange sparkling of the eyes, "wait until you get my improvement, and then you shall see traveling. By the soul of the Virgin Mother, sir, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four and twenty hours!"

I smiled at what I thought his quaint enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. As soon as the Königsberg passengers were all on board, and their baggage crated attached, we started on again.

As soon as all matters had been attended to connect with the new accession of passengers I went into the carriage and sat down. An early train from Königsberg had been through two hours before, reaching Bromberg, and that was at Little Osen where we took the western mail.

"How we go!" uttered one of the guards, some fifteen minutes after he had left Dirschau. "The new engineer is trying his speed." I returned, not yet holding any fear.

But ere long I began to be fearful that he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear the exclamation of fear from the passengers.

"Good heavens," cried one of the guards, coming in at that moment, "what is that fellow doing! Look, sir, and see how we are going! Just look!"

I looked out at the window and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before traveled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks and trees; flew by in one undistinguished mass, and the carriage now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet and met a man on the platform. He was one of our chief owners on the road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

"Sir," he said, "is Martin Kroll on the engine?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Holy Virgin! Didn't you know him?"

"Know him?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled.

"What do you mean? He told me his name was Kroll, and that he was an engineer."

We had no one to run the engine, and—"You took him!" interrupted the man.

"Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over by a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station but I did not then recognize him, as I was then in a hurry. Just now one of the travelers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that he found one who was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroll. He has escaped from the hospital at Sietlin. You must get him off somehow."

The fearful truth was open to me. The speed of the train was increased at each moment, and I knew that a few miles per hour would surely launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard and then made my way forward as quickly as possible. I reached the after platform of the tender, and there stood Kroll upon the engine board. His hat and coat off; his long, black hair flying in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the throat, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed until the latch of the door was red hot, and the engine was quivering and away as if it would quiver to pieces.

"Kroll! Kroll!" I cried, at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started and took the pistol in his hand. Oh! but those black eyes glared, and how frightful that terrible face looked!

"Hal hal hal!" he yelled demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion. "They swore I could not make it! But I've got it! See my power! See my new engine! I made it—and they were jealous of me. I made it, and after it was done they stole it from me! But I've found it. For years I've been wandering in search of my great engine, and they swore it was not made! But I've found it! I knew it as soon as I saw it at Dantzic—and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Hal hal hal—we're off to the moon. Ay, the Virgin Mother, we'll be in the moon in four and twenty hours! Down, villain! If you move I'll shoot you!"

This last was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise; and the frightened man sank back again.

But even as he spoke the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart. For I supposed we were gone now. The houses flew by like lightning—I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash! I saw a flash—it was another engine—I closed my eyes—but still we thundered on. The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we could not haul up at that distance, they had changed the switch so that we kept on.

But there was sure death ahead if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles ahead was the town of Schwetzn, on the Nistula, and at the entrance, near the bank of the river, was a short curve in the road. At the rate we were now going we should be there in a few minutes for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now arose above the clank of the rails, and more terrible than all else, arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

"Merciful Heaven!" gasped the guard man, "there's not a moment of time to lose, Schwetzn is close by! If you dare not go, I'll go myself."

But hold," he added, "let's shoot him."

At that moment a tall, stout German student came over to the platform where we stood, and

he saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a heavy stick of wood from the tender, and with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision that he knocked the pistol from the man's grasp. I saw the movement, and on the instant the pistol fell I sprang forward, the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm, but—! I should have been a mere infant in his mad power, had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood which he had picked up as he came over the tender.

Kroll settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam, and opened the safety valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed of the train began to decrease, and in a few moments more, the danger was passed; and as I settled back, entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the curve by the river; and before I was fairly recovered, the fireman had stopped the train in the station house at Schwetzn.

Martin Kroll, still insensible, was taken from the platform, and as we carried him into the guard room, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

"He came," said the guard, "and said that an engine, which stood near here, was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled."

"Well," I replied, with a shudder, "I wish he had approached me in the same way. But he was more cautious at Dantzic."

At Schwetzn we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the western mail, for the next northern train to take along, we saw that Kroll would be probably attended to and then started on.

The rest of the trip we run in safety, though I could see that the passengers were not wholly at ease and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. A heavy purse was made up by them for the German student, and he accepted it with much gratitude—and was glad of it, for the current of their gratitude to him may have prevented a far different current which might have been poured upon my head for having engaged a madman to run a railway train.

But this is not the end. Martin Kroll remained insensible from the effects of that blow upon the head, nearly two weeks; when he recovered from that, he was found in mind again. His insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterwards, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year—not even his mad freak on my engine.

But I remembered it, and I remember it still, and people need never fear that I shall ever be imposed upon again by a crazy engineer.

Correspondence of the New York Observer.

The Tomb of Jerusalem.

Messrs. Editors:—I was quite astonished at the great number of tombs and sepulchres in the sides of the valleys around Jerusalem. We first visited the tombs of Absalom, Zachariah and the Apostle James, in the valley of Jehoshaphat; then the caves of the prophets, immense catacombs never yet fully explored, cut far underneath the Mount of Olives. Also beneath the modern village of Siloam are many grottoes and sepulchres excavated in the rock, among which the tomb of Pharaoh's daughter, for whom Solomon built an house of precious stones and cedar wood. The sides of Mt. Mariah on the North, is likewise full of ancient sepulchres hewn in the rock, and as you wind around the valley of Hinnom you come to Aeldams or the Potter's Field, a vast charnel house filled with the bones and dust of the buried dead. One of these vaults seem to have been a common receptacle for the poor, where they were thrust in without coffin through openings in the top, and suffered promiscuously to decay. When Judas, which had betrayed him, then he saw that he was condemned, repented himself and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood. And he cast down the pieces in the temple, and departed and went and hanged himself. And they took counsel and bought with them the potter's field to bury strangers in. Wherefore that field was called the field of blood unto this day."

We also here visited another large tomb with a dome above, having several chambers at the side filled with the bones and skeletons of strangers confusedly heaped together; and another near by of a later date, painted saints and circles of glory around their heads. These tombs are generally of simple construction, consisting of one or two chambers closed by a stone door in front in imitation of the Egyptian style. Others, however, are more elaborate and are evidently modeled after the Roman taste, built perhaps in the days of Herod the great, and some were used as a burial place for Christian pilgrims in the time of the crusades. This soil was believed to have the power of consuming dead bodies in a short space of

time. And for this reason, ship-loads of it were transported to the famous cemetery of Campo Santo at Pisa in the days of the republic.

We then set out by way of the Damascus gate to visit "the tombs of the kings," and judge, at the north of the valley of Jehoshaphat a half hour distant. These monuments are the most extensive and remarkable of any around Jerusalem, and much discussion has taken place in regard to what age and to whom they belong. Some assign the first to the ancient kings, others call it the tomb of Heleus, and others still the monument of Herod, which Josephus relates was situated in this direction. We entered a large open area excavated out of the limestone rock, and then came to the porch, exquisitely carved with clusters of grapes various fruits and flowers and other ornamental decorations. This is the vestibule to the tomb within. The doorway is low and so obstructed with loose stones that you are obliged to enter upon your hands and knees. You then find yourself in a noble hall, twenty feet square with an arched ceiling overhead, yet only an ante-chamber to the sepulchres. From this room a door leads into several smaller chambers designed for the depositaries of the dead. They have niches cut in the walls and contain fragments of finely sculptured marble sarcophagi. One has a divan running all around the room for the reception of the embalmed bodies. Another leads by a flight of stone steps down to a second vault, where we found the broken lid and fragments of a sarcophagus covered with a rich profusion of ornaments, garlands of flowers and clusters of grapes, wrought in the foliage of the vine. These chambers were all closed by the massive stone doors fitted with tenons and sockets in the rock, which have been thrown down and broken by those searching for the plunder of the tombs. We have no evidence that the ancient Jews cultivated the art of sculpture in marble to so great an extent, and we must doubtless assign this splendid monument to the age of Herod the great who introduced the Grecian and Roman style during his reign in Judea.

We then visited the tombs of the judges a short distance beyond. They are of similar style of ornament, containing also chambers and many crypts and niches for the dead, though less extensive and elaborately wrought.

In one I found a living fountain of excellent water gushing from the rock. Retaining thence we traced out the course of the ancient walls of Jerusalem on the North, the remains of which are now nearly obliterated. Afterward we explored the vast subterranean quarries underneath the walls and buildings of the present city. The entrance is by a narrow hole in the wall near the Damascus gate, and has recently been discovered. We were obliged to draw ourselves through in a horizontal position, and then maintain a stooping posture for a long distance, when we came to an immense cavern, an eighth of a mile in length, excavated in the rock under the city.

We also discovered a large fissure above, apparently made by an earthquake, probably at the time of the crucifixion, when the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened."

Then we came to a small cave filled with water, strongly impregnated with lime and ammonia to the taste. The air was exceedingly close and the darkness dense, such as could be felt. We could only trace our direction by remaining near the wall of the rock. Far down below we found the bones of one who had fallen and been crushed immediately to death. The ancient mode of quarrying was easily traceable, and the huge blocks of stone that have been removed. Immense broken fragments have also fallen below. Nothing that we saw around Jerusalem gave us such an idea of the extent of the buildings of the ancient city, as the exploration of these grand subterranean quarries whence the materials were taken. Perhaps from hence were drawn the great stones that formed the foundation of Solomon's temple.

Having thus wandered far in this dense darkness, (which our lights could scarcely penetrate,) and not reaching the end, we were glad to return to the light and air of the day again.

C. N. R.

Proclamation.

BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF OHIO.
In conformity with a custom, sanctioned by Legislative Resolves, commended by the practice of my predecessors in the Executive office, and, in itself, highly becoming a Christian People, I SALMON P. CHASE, Governor of the State of Ohio, do hereby designate and appoint

Thursday, the 20th day of November, of the current year, to be observed as a day of PUBLIC THANKSGIVING TO ALMIGHTY GOD.

Refraining, on that day from the ordinary avocations of life, to use the feast with joyful hearts. Assembling in our respective places of public worship or gathering around our domestic altars let us devoutly acknowledge God as the Gracious Author of every blessing and every benefit. Let us gratefully thank Him, especially for our prosperity and for our security; for our institutions of Education, Religion and Charity; for the products of our Agriculture and of our Arts; for the intercourse of Commerce; for the preservation of Health; for Homes endeared by sweet family affections; for the Mercies of Redemption and for the Hopes of Immortality. Adoring the Divine Wisdom by which our Fathers were guided in establishing the foundation of United Empire in North America, upon the solid basis of Civil and Religious Freedom and the Divine Goodness by which the Institutions of Government which they founded have been transmitted to us their children.

Let us give thanks for Liberty, guarded by Law, and defended by Union. Confessing humbly, our unworthiness of these inestimable benefits, let us fervently invoke our Father in Heaven to continue them, graciously, to us and to our posterity forever. Nor let us forget in our rejoicings or in supplications, our fellow men less happy than ourselves. Of our abundance let us give liberally to those who need: nor let us fail to present before the throne of Infinite Justice, our sincere prayers for the downfall of tyranny, for the deliverance of the oppressed, for the enfranchisement of the enslaved, and for the establishment everywhere of Human Rights and Just Governments. Invigorated by enjoyments and aspirations like these, we shall return, it may be hoped, to the ordinary pursuits of life, with hearts more than ever engaged to the performance of every private and every public duty, and more than ever devoted to the advancement of the best interest of our State our Country and our race.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, this 28th day of October, A. D. 1856.

By the Governor, S. P. CHASE.
J. H. BAKER, Sec'y. of State.

RULES FOR IMPROVEMENT.—Never shrink from an unpleasant duty. Be charitable in thought as well as in action. Bathe every morning and take plenty of exercise.

Be open for correction; if you are in the wrong frankly acknowledge it. Be virtuous in mind and body and let your thoughts be pure.

Be useful for the love of use and not for the credit of being useful. Improve yourself by the means in your power, mentally and physically.

In time of danger and trouble, think first and then act coolly and decisively. Never be prejudiced or allow yourself to be led, without first judging for yourself.

In study concentrate your thoughts and ideas solely upon the subject before you. Never be idle. Always have something to do; remember moments are the golden sands of time.

Always get up when you first wake in the morning, one hour of that time is worth two at night. Do every thing in a cool active and energetic manner; never allow lazy feelings to come over you.

Harden, in every possible way, your body; but keep your mind and conscience clear and bright. Persevere. Never give up a thing until you have tried it every possible way.

Perseverance is the best school for every manly virtue. Be truly polite. Lord Chesterfield says, "Good breeding is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others in the little affairs of life."

A spirit of kindness is beautiful in the aged, lovely in the young, indispensable to the comfort and happiness of a family.

WHICH TRADE.—There are three things that never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue.

Three things not easily done—to alley thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, and to please all in everything.

Three things that are as good as the best—brown bread in a famine, well-water in thirst, and a great coat in cold weather.

Three things as good as their betters—dirty water to extinguish fire, a homely wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

Three warnings from the grave—Thou knowest what I was, thou knowest what I am, remember what thou art to be.

Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood.

Three things that ought never to be from home—a cat, the chimney, and a housewife.

Three things in the peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse.

DEATH.—If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly and the birds sing as sweetly tomorrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will bestow but a thought upon our memories. Is he dead? will be the solemn inquiry of a few days, as they pass to their work. No one will miss us except our immediate connections, and in a short time, they too, will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now in life pass away. Our children crowd closely behind, and they will soon be gone.

In a few years, not a human being can say, "I remember him." We lived in a nother age, and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. This is life. How rapidly it passes!

FASHION.—According to the Boston Bee, are going to be immensely popular this season among the fair sex. You will hardly be able to distinguish the emporium of one of our lady friends, from the menagerie of the other, for the great wilderness of flounces that cover all physical differences. Billows of silk, will threaten to engulf the beautiful wearer. We shall see in the streets, since boots are still in fashion, nothing but huge cones of dry goods in locomotion, from the vast circumference of which, at the bottom, will peep out two tiny guiter boots, and on the apex of which, at the top, will be suspended a bouquet in a small lace basket, christened a bonnet, the interval being crowded with striped flounces, like gigantic wrinkles or wrinkles on a robe.

The learning of the university may fade from recollection; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory, but the simple lessons of home, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature, but less vivid picture of after days.

Spiders have four pairs for spinning their threads, each day having one thousand holes; and the fine threads. No spider spins more than four webs and when the fourth has been destroyed they go filibustering, and seize on the webs of their neighbors.

Ladies' Department.

From "The Nation."

Fashion.

"To dress the mid-the decent Graces brought A robe, in all forms of beauty wrought."

This is a subject that demands much nice judging attention, for fashion is one of the great powers of the day. Her rule is general, and nearly universal—as the penalty of rebellion is to be odd, awkward, and absurd. We would wish our gentle readers to submit gracefully to the reasonable government of this Queen, but to resolutely resist her tyranny.

There are some leading principles in the art of dress that we will lay down in the beginning. First: Elegance and expense are by no means synonymous. Hoops may swell, till the nymph assumes the proportions of the Heidelberg ton; flounces may raise her upon tier, and lace may be piled on velvet, but the heights of Fashion will never be sealed without taste, judgment, and adaptation of material, and form—to the size, age, and position of the lady. There exists a beautiful group of the Graces—with this legend—"Tense di non ogni fatico evansa"—Without as all pains are vain. This, ladies, is perfectly true! Unless the eye and hand of taste aid the choice of your costume, you may be fine, but you will never be fashionably elegant.

Another good rule is—preserve consistency. Never wear one expensive article of dress if you are unable to make the rest of your equipment somewhat correspond. You may be charmingly attired in a plain, well cut, well fitting dress, both becoming and suitable, but some unlucky diamond, or bit of costly lace will remind the observer of the absent brocade, and point out that you are wearing cheap silk.

We will finish these strictures with "the counterfeit presentments" of two ladies of our acquaintance whom we encountered in our morning walk. The first was a stout personage, whom nature had designed to be pretty petite. Perhaps her proportions were nice, but of this it was impossible to determine, as she had resigned her judgment into the hands of her mantua maker, and the latter had quite different views from those nature indicated. A hog-headed—or haystack, or colossal chin—such were the objects our figure suggested to the imagination. Over this amplitude was spread silks, flounces, and fringes of every hue, no doubt difficult to bear—most unsightly to the eye, and most unbecoming to the wearer. The milliner who governs her head, as the mantua maker does her person, has ordered her to wear a coiffure—we cannot call it a bonnet—that held back its flowers and trimmings for those who followed her to admire, leaving in front not even a bow, or the slightest illusion for modesty to hide a blush behind. This wonderful collection of useless, expensive ornaments, obliged its unfortunate owner to assume a stiff, and at the same time anxious air, but the mass of fiery would loose all hold on her head.

We had scarcely bade adieu, with a pitying glance to this ill advised, and comic looking dame, when we met our friend, the graceful Miss—. A tasteful simplicity had selected the rich, well chosen materials of a dress—beautiful, fitting admirably—and adapted to show the elegance of her figure. She displayed neither too much, nor too little ornament. Fashion had been everywhere consulted, and had aided, but not annihilated her natural beauty. Her flounces were flowing and graceful, but not of the width and rotundity to obliterate all traces of the human form. Her hat, though small according to the dictates of fashion, came sufficiently round her face to have a pleasing effect—from its delicate trimmings, Fashion embellished this lady, and made the other—ridiculous.

Recipes.

Much attention will be given to the procuring of practical recipes, and we will endeavor to offer to our subscribers only such as have been well tried, and are collected from reliable sources.

SURESHAWRY CAKE.—To a pound of butter add a pound of fine sugar, a little mace, and four eggs. Beat all the ingredients with your hand till it becomes very light, and look curdling; then shake in a pound and a half of flour roll it thin, cut it into little cakes, and bake them.

SPONGE BICQUITS.—Beat the yolks of six eggs for about half an hour, and then put in three quarters of a pound of fine white sugar; whisk it well, till you see it rise in bubbles. Beat the whites of the eggs to a strong froth, which them well with the sugar, and yolks, and beat in, also seven ounces of flour, with the rind of one lemon—grated. Bake the cakes in tin moulds—well buttered; the cakes require a hot oven. When you put them into the oven with sugar. They will require to be baked about half an hour.

PLAIN PASTRY MADE WITH FARINA.—Boil three pints of milk, or water; sprinkle in slowly a quarter of a pound of Farina, and continue the boiling 15 or 20 minutes. Then, stir in as much fruit as you deem advisable; after this put the whole mixture in a bag, and boil it until it is sufficiently done.